



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

HAND ON A HARP

Like the rose-breasted swallows at sunset
That glide and skim in the twilight
Above the pale gold of the river,
Touching the surface so lightly
That the smooth glints of the little ringlets
Might elude me—
Except that I love them . . .

Ay, even as the swallows,
Her hands,
All shadow and rose in the flickering light of the fire,
Flit dream-like over the golden strings,
Dipping with exquisite faintness
Till the circles of sound
Would filter away to the heavy darkness—
Except that I love them.

PILGRIMAGE

I traced the comet's tail of his renown
To Faure's *rotisserie* somewhere up town.

Yes, he had hands and feet about like mine.
He didn't mention winds and worlds and stars,
But subjugated poetry to wine
And burnt up time and money in cigars.

Ellwood Colahan

But I, young I, saw but the quick hot coals
Purging their fiery passion on the grate.
I thought: Beloved gossip of souls,
If only I could be insatiate
As you could be, and scourge you fiercely on—
Leaping from dawn to dawn,
Your unstopped pipes forever at your lips
In free, untrammeled quest!

Instead I watched his drumming finger-tips
And heard his laughter at some still-born jest,
And wondered if this were the great, strange child
Who dreamt our dreams for us who only slept;
If this were he who wept when others smiled
And, further visioned, smiled when others wept.

How bitterly I rose and looked him through!
Then suddenly my pulses throbbed anew,
I could have howled for joy!—sure enough
He'd bent and scribbled something on his cuff!
The kind of soup, perhaps—but for myself
The toppling Joss was back upon its shelf!

Ellwood Colahan